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A VAIN CALL.

Some of the senators in Washington are calling for a Moses to lead them out of the wilderness; some are yearning for a reincarnation of Henry Clay.

The call is in vain. Clay has passed and he has left no successor.

Henry Clay occupies perhaps the largest space of any statesman this country has produced in the legislation of the country. According to such historians as we have, Webster alone was his superior as an orator and a statesman, and it is shrewdly suspected that our historians, being New Englanders, were animated by local and sectional pride and prejudice. "The Millboy of the Slashes" holds a unique place in American history. He has no parallel but himself. He was a power.

Beginning in the Kentucky legislature he learned to preside over and control men, and when he entered the senate of the United States the position of presiding officer was given him by everyone who had faith in his ability, justness and impartiality. There he met such men as John Randolph, of Roanoke—a real lion of the house of Judah. When he was sent to Europe as one of the commissioners to arrange peace between Britain and this country the climax in his life's work began. Russia had tendered her good services, which were refused by Britain, and that country offered to meet the American commissioners in London. No outsiders were to be allowed. The war was on and the Americans were getting the worst of it all along the line, even to the burning of Washington.

Excitement ran high. Napoleon had been defeated and made a prisoner and England claimed the honor and the victory, and the claim was allowed. The English press clamored for vengeance on America and her demands were most exorbitant. This was before the numerous victories on land and sea. According to one London authority, "It was strongly reported on 'Change that it is the fixed determination of our government not to suffer the Americans to fish on the banks of Newfoundland or send a ship around the Cape of Good Hope, so that the whole of the China trade will be taken from them." What the British called the restitution of Louisiana and the usurped territories of Florida were among the demands. It was finally agreed that the meeting be held in Ghent, and thither wended the American commissioners in the spring, and had to wait until the fall for the arrival of the British peace commissioners. To show the arrogant sentiment of the British public the following quotation from the London Times is given: "It is true that negotiations of great respectability have been appointed on the part of Great Britain to meet the Genevese democrat, Gallatin, the furious orator, Clay, the surly Bayard and Mr. Russell, the worthy defender of the forged revocation of the Berlin and Milan decrees." Unlike the conference at Versailles, where the commissioners were allies and all desirous of peace, the Ghent conference was attended by men from nations actually at war, the fortunes of which were all on the side of Great Britain. The Americans were looked upon with contempt, and many British newspapers demanded that America should be first thoroughly subdued and whipped, and that afterward Britain would dictate the terms of peace. These hostile elements and exorbitant demands the Americans had to meet, and Henry Clay rose to his full stature. No matter what losses and calamities were reported of the American forces, he never lost faith. He had the force of a giant and the personality of a god, and by sheer force wrung from the conference a basis of settlement which astounded the British public. The American doctrine about impressment, which was pronounced "impudent nonsense," was conceded. The right to fish on the Newfoundland banks was not obtained until later, but the British were driven from the Mississippi river and the groundwork laid for the drawing of territorial lines later on. Europe was astounded and Clay returned a national hero. Some details that have been since adjusted were wanting, and an effort was made to prevent a ratification of the treaty, but public sentiment was too strong in favor of it and it was ratified. Madison was president, and although a very weak man he had access to leaders who could do the work for him. Among the most powerful was Clay.

The present treaty is wholly different in its surroundings from the Ghent treaty. And there were giants in those days. Columbia rears no such sons at the present time. There was struggling for political advantage, and great bitterness, but patriotism was a religion in those days to which the bitterest partisans gave assent cheerfully.

Of course that part of Britain that had clamored for vengeance on the Americans was dissatisfied with the Ghent treaty, but the exploits of the Constitution, the Peacock and the Hornet, and months afterward, the battle of New Orleans, showed them their error and the treaty has remained sacred ever since.

Henry Clay was hailed as a conqueror on his return, but the people who shouted loudest for him did not vote for him when he was a candidate for president, and he suffered successive defeats. No Henry Clay is needed now. A little serious patriotism and the substitution of Americanism for partisanship will lead the country out of the quagmires onto solid ground.

IMPERILED.

We take the following item from a contemporary, assuming that the statement is contained in the bill of allegations:

"Alleging that he has been continuously nagged and that he is afraid to eat at home, Chester Blank has filed a suit for divorce in the circuit court against Martha Blank. He says his life has been imperiled by her two or three times. The Blanks have six children."

We will assume that the Blanks are just ordinary people like most of the rest of us, and that they live as best they can on what the head of the family earns.

We wonder why Mrs. Blank continuously nags Mr. Blank. Perhaps, and most likely, Mrs. Blank is one of those persistent persons like the one in the ancient story, who, her husband complained, asked for money every day, and when someone curiously inquired what she did with so much money, said he didn't know, as he had never given her any.

We wonder if Mr. Blank is really afraid to eat at home or if it is because he doesn't like the fare.

We wonder if Mr. Blank, who says his life has been imperiled not less than two or three times, has thought of how many times Mrs. Blank's life has been imperiled. Mrs. Blank, it is stated, is the mother of six of Blank's children.

An advertisement says women make many mistakes in the care of their complexions. Evidently in view of the number of times they are repainted.

Wonder What a Man Window Shopping Thinks About—By Briggs

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I WISH I HAD SOME IDEA AS TO WHAT ALICE WANTS—I'VE LOOKED INTO A MILE OF WINDOWS AND NOTHING DO I SEE—



I HATE TO GO IN A STORE UNLESS I KNOW WHAT I WANT—THAT'S A MIGHTY GOOD LOOKING MANICURE SET BUT I KNOW SHE'D BAWL ME OUT IF I GOT HER THAT



THERE'S A STUNNING SHOPPING BAG BUT HOLY CAT WHAT A PRICE! ANYWAY I'M NO JUDGE OF THOSE THINGS—SHE CAN PICK OUT HER OWN



A NECKLACE! I HEARD HER RAVING OVER ONE SOMETHING LIKE THAT ONE THE OTHER NIGHT—BUT NO—I GUESS I WON'T—THERE COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE



I'LL JUST KEEP THE NECKLACE IDEA IN MIND UNTIL I THINK OF SOMETHING BETTER



I WISH I HAD THE NERVE TO GO IN AND BUY SOME SILK STOCKINGS—OR SILK UNDERWEAR—LAHN-JER-EE—STILL I DON'T KNOW HER SIZE—OH PSYCH



I'D MAKE A BIG HIT WITH HER IF I'D GET SOME NICE SILK UNDER—ER LINGERIE—ALL WOMEN CERTAINLY LIKE THAT STUFF



I'LL LOOK AT A FEW MORE WINDOWS FIRST AND IF I DON'T SEE ANYTHING I'LL GIVE HER A CHECK—



The Wonderful Stories of Oz

By L. Frank Baum

The Mangaboos Prove Dangerous

The Wizard bent a pin for a hook and took a long piece of string from his pocket for a fishing line. The only bait he could find was a bright red blossom from a flower, but he knew fishes are easy to fool if anything bright attracts their attention, so he decided to try the blossom. Having thrown the end of his line in the water of a nearby brook, he soon felt a sharp tug that told him a fish had bitten and was caught on the bent pin, so he drew in the string and, sure enough, the fish came with it and was landed safely on the shore, where it began to flop around in great excitement.

"The fish was fat and round, and its scales glistened like beautifully cut jewels. It was a beautiful specimen, but there was no time to examine it closely, for Eureka made a jump and caught it between her claws, and in a few moments it had entirely disappeared.

"Oh, Eureka," cried Dorothy, "did you eat the bones?"

"If it had any bones, I ate them," replied the kitten, composedly. "As it washed its face after the meal, 'But don't think that I had any bones, because I didn't feel them scratch my throat.'"

"You were very greedy," said the girl. "I was very hungry," replied the kitten.

The little pigs had stood huddled in a group watching this scene with frightened eyes.

"Cats are dreadful creatures!" said one of them. "I'm glad we aren't fishes!" said another.

"Don't worry," Dorothy murmured soothingly. "I'll not let the kitten hurt you."

"Then she happened to remember that in a corner of her suitcase were one or two crackers that were left over from her luncheon on the train, and she went to the buggy and brought them. Eureka stuck up her nose at such food, but the tiny piglets squealed delightedly at the sight of the crackers and ate them up in a jiffy.

"Now, let us go back to the city," suggested the Wizard. "That is, if Jim has had enough of the pink grass."

The cat, who was always prowling near, lifted his head with a sigh.

"I've tried to eat a lot while I had the chance," he said, "for it's likely to be a long while between meals in this strange country. But I'm ready to go now, at any time you wish."

So, after the Wizard had put the piglets back into his inside pocket, where they cuddled up and went to sleep, he turned back to the Wizard and Jim started back to the town.

"Where, shall we stay?" asked the girl.

"Think I shall take possession of the House of the Sorcerer," replied the Wizard. "For the Prince said in the presence of his people that he would keep me until they picked another Sorcerer, and the new Prince would know that that was being true."

They agreed to this plan, and when they reached the great square Jim drew the Wizard into the big door of the dome.

"It doesn't look very homelike," said Dorothy, "standing alone at the bare room."

"But it's a place to stay, anyhow."

"What are those holes up there?" inquired the boy, pointing to some openings that appeared near the top of the dome.

"They look like doorways," said Dorothy. "Only there are no stairs to get to them."

"You forget that stairs are unnecessary," observed the Wizard. "Let us walk up and see where the doors lead to."

With this he began walking in the air toward the high openings, and Dorothy and Jim followed him. It was the same sort of climb one experiences when walking over a hill, and the two were nearly out of breath when they came to the row of openings, which they perceived to be doorways leading into halls in the upper part of the house. Following these halls they discovered many small rooms opening from them, and some were furnished with glass benches, tables and chairs. But there were no beds at all.

"I wonder if these people never sleep," said the girl.

"Why, there seems to be no night at all in this country," Zeb replied. "Those colored suns are exactly in the same place they were when we came, and if there is no sunset there can be no night."

"Very true," agreed the Wizard. "But it is a long time since I have had any sleep, and I'm tired. So I think I shall lie down upon one of these hard glass benches and take a nap."

"I will, too," said Dorothy, and chose a Zeb walked down again to unharness Jim, who, when he found himself free, rolled over a few times and then settled down to sleep, with Eureka nestling comfortably beside his big, bony body. Then the boy returned to one of the upper rooms, and in spite of the hardness of the glass bench was soon deep in slumber.

While the Wizard awoke the six colored suns were shining down upon the Land of the Mangaboos just as they had done ever since his arrival. The

little man, having had a good sleep, felt rested and refreshed and looking through the glass partition of the room he saw Zeb sitting up on his bench and yawning. "So the Wizard went in to him."

"Zeb," said he, "my balloon is no further use in this strange country, so I may as well leave it on the square where it fell. But in the basket are some things I would like to keep with me. I wish you would go and fetch my satchel, that is under the seat. There is nothing else that I care about."

So the boy went willingly upon the errand, and by the time he had returned Dorothy was awake. Then the three held a council to decide what they should do next, for they were in a way to better their condition.

"I don't like these veg-table people," said little girl. "They're cold and flabby, like cabbages, in spite of their pretiness."

"I agree with you. It is because there is no warm blood in them," remarked the Wizard.

"And they have no hearts; so they can't love anyone—but even themselves," declared the boy.

"The Princess is lovely to look at," continued Dorothy, thoughtfully. "but I don't care much for her, after all. If there was any other place to go, I'd like to go there."

"But there are any other place?" asked the Wizard.

"I don't know," she answered.

Just then they heard the voice of Jim, the cab-horse, calling to them, and going to the doorway leading to the dome they found the Princess and a throng of her people had entered the House of the Sorcerer.

So they went down to greet the beautiful vegetable lady, who said to them: "I have been talking with my advisors about you meat people, and we have decided you do not belong in the Land of the Mangaboos and must not remain here."

"How can we go away?" asked Dorothy.

"Oh, you can not go away, of course, so you must be destroyed," was the answer.

"In what way?" inquired the Wizard.

"We shall throw you three people into the Garden of the Twining Vines," said the Princess. "and they will soon crush you and devour your bodies to make themselves grow bigger."

"Animals you have with you, so we will drive to the mountains and put into the Black Pit. Then our country will be rid of all its unwelcome visitors."

"But you are in need of a Sorcerer," said the Wizard. "and not one of those growing is yet ripe enough to pick. I

am greater than any thorn-covered creature that ever grew in your garden. Why destroy me?"

"It is true we need a Sorcerer," acknowledged the Princess, "but I am informed that one of our own will be the place of Gwig, whom you cut in two before it was time for him to be planted. Let us see your arts, and the Sorcerer you are able to perform. Then I will decide whether to destroy you with the others or not."

At this the Wizard made a bow to the people and requested his trick of producing the nine tiny piglets, and making them disappear again. He did this cleverly, indeed, and the Princess looked at the strange piglets as if she were as truly astonished as any vegetable person could be. But afterward she said:

"I have heard of this wonderful magic. But it accomplishes nothing of value. What else can you do?"

"What can I do?" Then he pointed together the blades of his sword and balanced it very skillfully upon the end of his nose. But even that did not satisfy the Princess.

Just then his eye fell upon the lanterns and the can of kerosene oil which Zeb had brought from the car of his balloon, and he got a clever idea from those commonplace things.

"Your highness," said he, "I will now proceed to prove my magic by creating two suns that you have never seen before; also I will exhibit a Destroyer more dreadful than your Clinging Vines."

So he placed Dorothy upon one side of him and the boy upon the other, and set a lantern upon each of their heads.

"Don't laugh," he whispered to them, "or you will spoil the effect of my magic."

Then, with much dignity and a look of vast importance upon his wrinkled face, the Wizard got out his match-box and lighted the two lanterns. The glare they made was very small when compared with the radiance of the six great colored suns, but still they glared steadily and clearly. The Mangaboos were much impressed because they had never before seen any light that did not come directly from the suns.

At the Wizard poured a pool of oil from the can upon the glass floor, where it covered quite a broad surface. When he lighted the oil a hundred tongues of flame shot up, and the effect was really imposing.

"These are the flames of the Clinging Vines," said the Wizard. "those of your advisors who wished to throw us into the Garden of Clinging Vines must step within this circle

of light. If they advised you well, and were in the right, they will not be injured in any way. But if any advised you wrongly, they will wither and die. The advisors of the Princess did not like this test, but she commanded them to step into the flame and one by one they did so, and were scorched so badly that the air was soon filled with an odor like that of baked potatoes. Some of the Mangaboos fell down and had to be dragged from the fire and all were so withered that it would be necessary to plant them at once.

"Sir," said the Princess to the Wizard, "you are greater than any Sorcerer we have ever known. As it is evident that my people have advised me wrongly, I will not cast you three people into the dreadful Garden of the Clinging Vines; but your animals must be driven into the Black Pit and all will be driven in peace, as if it had been the mountain, for my subjects cannot bear to have them around."

The Wizard was so pleased to have saved the two children and himself that he said nothing against this decree; but when the Princess had gone both Dorothy and Eureka protested. They did not want to go to the Black Pit, and Dorothy promised she would do all that she could to save them from such a fate.

For two or three days after this, if we call days the periods between the hours being as night to divide the hours into days—our friends were not disturbed in any way. They were even permitted to occupy the House of the Sorcerer in peace, as if it had been their own, and to wander in the gardens in search of food.

They came to the enclosed Garden of the Clinging Vines, and walking high into the air looked down upon much interesting things. They saw a mass of tough green vines all twisted together and writhing and twisting around like a nest of great snakes. Everything the vines touched was crushed, and our adventurers were indeed thankful to have escaped being caught among them.

Editor's Note:—In next week's chapter "The Black Pit," our friends are all driven into a cave in the side of a mountain and it seems as though they must surely starve. But nothing very bad has happened to them yet, has it? It is likely that they will be rescued in the next chapter. But what do you suppose happens to them?

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U. S. PRELATE IS NAMED BISHOP OF FLAVIAS

ROME, Dec. 18.—Rev. John G. Murray, chancellor and secretary of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., has been appointed auxiliary bishop of Hartford, and titular bishop of Flavia.

Numerous changes in the assignments of Central and South American prelates have been made by the Vatican.

Monsignor Alvarez, bishop of the diocese of Zulia, Colombia, has been named bishop of the titular see of Thapsus, and the bishop of the titular see of Thapsus, Monsignor Belloso, canon of the diocese of San Salvador, has been appointed auxiliary bishop of San Salvador and titular bishop of Sozusa.

Monsignor de Andrea, priest of the San Michele parish, Buenos Aires, has been named titular bishop of Emmaus. Monsignor Tranga y Saenz, bishop of Sinaloa, Mexico, has been transferred to the titular bishopric of Icos.

MAY MAKE CEMETERY OF U. S. DEAD MONUMENT

PARIS, Dec. 18.—Montfaucon hill, in the Argonne, on which are hundreds of graves of American soldiers who fell in battle in September and October, 1918, may be made a historical monument by the French government.

It is expected the ruins of the village of Montfaucon, which surrounded the top of the hill, will be left in their present condition to further commemorate the work of the Americans during the great struggle.

PREDICTIONS REVIVED.

LONDON, Dec. 18.—Recent predictions that a general election will be held in the near future, revived by several newspapers in connection with rumors current in the parliamentary lobbies yesterday, Parliament will be prorogued next week until the second week in February, when, according to widespread belief, the government will immediately prepare for a dissolution of parliament and an election to test the country's confidence in the coalition cabinet.

TYROL ASKS HELP.

VIENNA, Dec. 18.—The diet of Tyrol has addressed to the central government of the Austrian republic a request that it prepare to secure the necessary securing permission from the supreme council of the peace conference for the separation of Tyrol from Austria.

Ve Editor Nods

Jolts and Jests

Slipped Past The Blue Pencil

SOME AMATEUR. Police officers who were away with \$2,000 worth of cash, smashing the window of a Main street store with a hatchet was an "amateur" in the provided no means of getting away. Odd, the gent still is at large.

EN AVANT! Burt Grant is no longer designated a mere newspaper man. On the Good-fellows' gigantic minstrel and musical show program he is designated by that statey impresario, Al Wilson, as a "basso cantata," whatever that is.

ACCORDING TO AUSTIN. According to Austin, Lieut.-Commander C. M. Weidelt, with the superdreadnought Tennessee recruiting party, just mustered while in the parlor floor. Women can not be deprived of the view of the commander in his new, spotless and shining uniform.

NO. Despite all rumors to the contrary, Commander Weidelt still is single.

VAULTING AMBITION. The Bible is to be filmed. Why not the nebular hypothesis in one reel?

MIDNIGHT MOVIES. G. E. (not General Electric) but George Ephraim Brown, publicity man for the Memphis Enterprises, Inc., is planning a midnight movie show at the Strand theater New Year's eve. Patrons must bring their own butterknife or soda pop.

OH, CARRIE. Carrie, the manicurist, is embroidering a sign for the barber shop. "How could they be otherwise?"

EIGHTH WONDER. Saw a fountain pen (other day that worked).

AMUSEMENTS

New Lyric.

Mr. George Arliss, the noted character actor, has arranged to prepare for the present season a new play dealing with the French philosopher, agnostic and cynic, voltaire, and prepatious were all under way when George C. Tyler secured the rights of "Jacques Duval" from a foreign source.

A vertical play was immediately conceived and proposed the new play as a substitute for "Voltaire." Mr. Arliss, however, could not see matters that way. He had set his heart on playing the French philosopher. Tyler put the manuscript in the hands of two Arliss hands, and told him to read it, adding that if he then still wanted to play "Voltaire" he could do so.

Mr. Arliss came back next day and announced that he would play "Jacques Duval." A company of distinguished players was immediately conceived and placed in rehearsal under the supervision of the veteran director, William Sweeney. The play was accepted by George S. Kaufman from a piece now running in Paris and several other European capitals from the original Danish. Miss Elizabeth Hildon is Mr. Arliss' leading woman—a young English actress of considerable talent. The play will be presented at the Lyric theater on Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday matinee.

Orpheum.

Evelyn Nesbit, who deserted vaudeville for motion pictures three years ago, has returned to her first love. Her latest offering is a comedy, "The Man in the Moon," which she is immediately engaged for the Orpheum circuit, thus giving Orpheum patrons the pleasure of seeing this star first on her return to the two-day. Miss Nesbit has developed a new and original quality, an assiduous study and application, she has learned to sing charmingly, dance gracefully, and by the difficult nature of the motion picture acting, she has mastered the intricacies of dramatic art. While each of these accomplishments is new, Miss Nesbit's new act is one that will linger long in the memory of Orpheumites. Her new act is a comedy, "The Man in the Moon," which she is immediately engaged for the Orpheum circuit, thus giving Orpheum patrons the pleasure of seeing this star first on her return to the two-day. 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